

Interview with Elsie Jacobs, 15 January 1986.

Allen: You are the widow of Charles Jacobs and you came to the university, was it '46 or '47?

Elsie: 1946.

Allen: So Charles came just a little bit before I came to the university and then he retired, when?

Elsie: 1972.

Allen: And then he passed away in 1983.

I remember Charles as a good friend, a very conscientious and difficult but fair grader, and also with a sense of humor. Now, not too many people remember that sense of humor, and we'll talk a little bit more about that as we go along. Would you like to tell us a little bit about Charlie and the University.

Elsie: He was very proud to be there, he liked people in the English Department, he enjoyed Dr. Scurr, Dr. Goulding and I can tell you something funny there. Dr. Goulding used to have plants in his room, I don't know, they were supposed to give good atmosphere and Charles put a pill in there that was a climbing ladder, and so those plants almost went through the ceiling. I don't think he ever found out who did it.

Allen: And never realized what happened.

Elsie: And then one time, do you remember Mr. Moskowitz, well he was in the Math Department, he was awfully good to Charles. He appreciated him, he put some work Charles's way one time that paid off pretty good. Charles worked on Mathematical tables, now I don't understand that very much, but he was able to advance the tables further along in the Math picture than anyone else, and so Charles appreciated that and he always liked Mr. Moskowitz. And then one time he had an appointment with Charles and he was awfully late in coming and Charles said, what made you so late? He said, I wanted to have a class by myself, nobody would be there. And also Charles would get my twin and I mixed up. We are identical, we look alike, we talk alike, we talk fast, we talk often, and when he was in college on Beacon Hill, he was going down to a symphony concert, and so I sent her in place of me. And he went down to the concert with the wrong twin. He was so damn polite, you know, such a gentleman, and he said, Oh I say, I say, I say, what will I do and Alice said she never enjoyed the concert because he was just sitting there wishing it was Elsie, you know.

Then another thing happened that made me smile, too. You know Charles had a sense of humor but it was really clever, it wasn't something that you hear everywhere. He talked about, well do you want me to tell you, I can't find those Little Willies, I don't think we ever wrote them down, that's what I think. They were funny, they had a surprising ending all the time and that's what makes it funny and along with his "poker face" it was quite a picture, you know. But he did have, I was wondering if I had some of the funny ones here, but I have some beautiful poems, the love poems, I have those, and this by the way is his coat of arms which he drew, and I don't know if you know this or not, but Charles was knighted. He went to England and I'll tell you when it was because he bought me my first car, a Falcon in 19 (when did we get that), and he said because I'm going to spend a lot of money, I'm going to go to England and Queen Elizabeth who knighted him for his research in genealogy. He was well known for research.

Allen: Yes, I know he was very much involved in genealogy.

Elsie: He had all kinds of honors from genealogists. He was on the Board of Genealogists, is that what they call it? Anyway, he took pains in it, it was long before he had anything to do with Roots, you know, when Roots came out, he was way ahead of them. He was ahead of a lot of things. He wrote his little volume of poems that cost us so much money to write, but you know, he was talking about violence long before they even knew what violence was, and there are some good features in here, good things about him in here, too. Did you ever hear of this?

Allen: Biorhythms?

Elsie: He was into everything. He just didn't stick to English. I was glad to know that, oh I didn't know this man anyway, I didn't know him really, I didn't.

Allen: Which man was that?

Elsie: Charles. I didn't know him.

Allen: How was Charles into Biorhythms?

Elsie: There's a reason there, now maybe I can read it here and maybe I can tell it to you. It's sort of a numbers game. If you, for instance, he would say to me, I wouldn't go out today if I were you, sweetheart, or I wouldn't make any decisions today cause your biorhythm is'nt right for you. You'll just get in trouble. It had something to do with the balance of intellect or it wasn't exactly looking into the future, but it was what you were going to do at the time. If the stars were right or whatever, we should use that biorhythm, that's what he thought too.

Allen: I should note for the record that Charles had, was a member of the Board for Certification of Genealogists, and was a certified Genealogist. While you are here, I would like to note from several items from the paper and clippings, first of all about his retirement after 26 years at the University of Bridgeport, and he offered courses in World Literature, English Bible, Creative Writing, Greek Masterpieces, Latin Masterpieces, as well as American Literature and English Literature, and was coordinator of Freshmen English at UB. I remember he was, I worked with him on the Universal English Program and developing that. He had his AB from the University of Rochester, MA from the University of Denver, and STB from Boston University.

Elsie: I must tell you about that STB. That's an advanced degree given at that time. A Bachelor of Sacred Theology but later on they sent him a certificate cause all of those were turned into Doctor. of Theology.

Allen: I didn't know that.

Elsie: They had to pay \$25.00 but everybody who, for the work that was done. Anybody who held the STB degree, this was only about 10 years ago, it was turned into a BD, Bachelor of Divinity. Well they couldn't call it Bachelor of Divinity. Bachelor of Divinity was another degree offered by another college, so they called it Doctorate in Advanced Studies, whatever. But anyway, he was permitted to be called Doctor.

Allen: I never knew that.

Elsie: And also this business of, for instance, he can be called Sir. When we were, let me see, when was that, in about 1940, it was a little after that, Charles taught in a school, military academy, and he had to, students had to call him, Sir, and I called him Sweetheart, so we slurred right in, I begin to say Ssssssssweetheart and I got into the Sir there so we finally did that. And then, I want to tell you this, too, it makes me so happy and pleased to know this. People remember Charles for really what he was. I called him a stinker once in a while but he really never was.

Allen: We should note that he was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, Founders and Patriots and Colonial Wars as well as the Hugonauts.

Elsie: He had a lot of fun with those Hugonauts.

Allen: He had a volume of poetry, The Violent Universe, published in '67, and he has published humorous verse and articles from time to time. An article on Mathematics was published a few years ago in a national Mathematics magazine. And then from his

obituary, prior to joining UB was instructor at the Deveau School in Niagara Falls. Bath Collegiate Institute and the Newark Collegiate Institute, all of New York. At UB, he was a faculty advisor to the Hillel Club. How come?

Elsie: That got him in trouble too. With the name Jacobs, he could look pretty good in the Hillel Club. Well, we had two friends in there, or he did, very good friends, and they persuaded him to work with the Hillel, and he said well, why not? But he also worked with, it was Dr. Scranton, who got him, oh this was another thing. We were communicants of the St. John's Episcopal Church, and I was never happy there, although I liked Dr. Hutchins. I was never happy there, and Charles appreciated the high and we also went to St. George's Church, and if you want to go to a high church, you go to Father Markle, he could tell you. And I'll never forget Father Markle because he said to Charles, what did he used to call Charles?, well anyway, he had a good name for everyone, and so one time when Charles was advisor to students at the university, he came across and he met Dr. Scranton, and Dr. Scranton said, "well Charles, why don't you become a Methodist? You started out as a Methodist, you were a Methodist way back". Charles used to have charge of a Sunday School and I used to have charge of a Primary Dept. and so before we knew it, we were Methodists, and that's how we got back into Mr. Yerrington's church, and then of course we had such happy memories there. You know, Bill, I could never understand now people could say, they don't like our ministers but they say that. Who couldn't like Mr. Yerrington or Mr. Hansen, it bothers me an awful lot. And of course when Charles died, I called Mr. Yerrington right away, and he stood here in this living room watching the policemen try to revive Charles (?) and (?) they dragged him in here and put him down here and pumping and pumping and the fireman and everybody else, and they had to tell me they were too late. So when we went to the cemetery and when we came back from the cemetery, my twin was with me and standing here in the living room, and Mr. Yerrington was trying to tell us that it's only the beginning, it's not the end of things, and so coming back from the cemetery, we brought with us the people that went to the funeral, and among them was my nephew, grand nephew, and his two children, and little Bobby was only five or six years old, and he said to us in the living room, "Uncle Charles was old but I knew him when he was new", now isn't that nice?

So we were standing there and I said, while we're together, I'd like you to especially bless this man whose standing beside us because he's been so good (?) and I had to put that in, because he was awfully good to all of us, and you know, sometimes, it takes all kinds of people. like the time, Mr. Yerrington was preaching on the Christian family at church one Sunday, and in doing so he spoke of Motherhood, and I said, I guess Richard I'm going to be a mother in the next world, and he said to Charles, you're going to be a father? And Charles said, No, I'm going to

be Chairman of the Board. Now everybody couldn't have that man's mind, you know. Charles had a good sense of humor and as I pointed out, another person who was very fond of Charles and paid high complements to him when he died. I had something like 280, and that was Mr. Dickason. He used to have Campus Thunder and he said that Charles to him, represented somebody who was a gentleman and a scholar. You can believe that, can't you?

Allen: Oh yes, very, very much.

Elsie: And also Mr. Dickason told me that what he liked about Charles was that you could count on him. If he said something that was going to be that way, that's the way he would do it.

Allen: O.K., what else could we have here?

Elsie: Can I go on to this a little bit?

Allen: Yes, we have his book of poetry, The Violent Universe.

Elsie: Not this got good publicity. I'll tell you who gave him a very good publicity on this was Mr. Victor Swain. Did you know Victor Swain?

Allen: Oh yes, very well.

Elsie: I did too, I liked him, but another thing, there were several things I might just as well read a little bit of this, "Contrary to the opinion of many people who dislike poetry, poetry is not all alike, there is good poetry and bad poetry, interesting poetry, and then there is Mr. Jacobs with The Violent Universe. This is poetry that can easily be ranked with the best efforts of our major poets. The book has inspired all who own it and is filled with substance and solidarity. Lots of syllables and adjectives have long been used as part of book jackets, but in this case, they only serve to play back that which is already good, this is good poetry. Sometimes (?) jewelers polishing powder it has biting sarcasm, complement intelligence mingled with the past and with the future. This is not blank verse deplete of double things but complete lines of true emotion, deeply felt and has a rhythm of its own." And then it tells about what (?)

Allen: Here is one of his little short poems called Postscript on Lizzie Borden.

Lizzie Borden took an axe
and gave her Daddy forty whacks,
why she did they can't discover,
I'm glad as hell I ain't her lover.

This is originally printed in Humorama Magazine in January of '62. Charles used a number of pseudonyms, and what were they?

Elsie: Well, you name one.

Allen: Well, there was Don Juan, wasn't it?

Elsie: What would that mean?

Allen: Well, his middle name was Juan.

Elsie: Oh, I see what you mean.

Allen: He wrote under different names, didn't he?

Elsie: Oh yes, he had several names that he wrote under.

Allen: What were they?

Elsie: It must be down here somewhere.

Allen: I didn't see it in here.

Elsie: Listed in Dictionary of American Scholars, and in isn't that funny that they didn't put down somewhere that he wrote under different names. Another thing, Charles was very much interested in languages. He took a course in Russian, and you know there were so many interests that he had that were not just English, that's what makes a good professor. The pamphlet on Math that I was thinking of was called The Tables for Teachers when they are teaching math and then in his poem, King Song, it appeared in the Negro History Bulletin. I don't know when he wrote under that name, I don't know what name he used there. But you can see that never never was he without something worth keeping. He never fully appreciated that he should marry a girl who never studied Latin or Greek, but I can bake, I make a good pie.

I think we need both of them don't you?

Allen: Now what else do we have here?

Elsie: Do you know this? I might as well show you this, do you know this?

Allen: This is the South End calendar of '82. Yes, I remember this.

Elsie: Well, why put that down. That shows a little bit about what kind of school Charles taught in, because, and I must tell you this, whenever Charles had a chance to speak of UB, this is good advertising. Cause if they did for UB what he did for people, they'd be awfully smart. He was modest, you wouldn't believe this, would you? He wouldn't brag they way I'm bragging, but he was modest.

Allen: He was, he was very, very modest. Now did Charles have something to do with this calendar?

Elsie: No, I put it out thinking that this is UB.

Allen: Oh, I see what you mean, yes. And the South End comes out with a different calendar each year, now.

Elsie: Really, that's something else again. And you know, I learned something else this morning that surprised me very much. I didn't know, who was it that I didn't know had died, and I wrote letters to them and I was so embarrassed. You know, Mrs. Diem, Al Diem's wife, she wrote me a beautiful letter for sympathy note and also a student, what was her name, I put those together, I know I have the one from Mrs. Diem, I can't get along without that, well she was telling to keep the memories alive but she had certain times when she thought of Al. Maybe she said it would be in a crowded room and there would be something to remind her of him. Maybe it would be just a flower that she saw that he liked, she remembered him then, and it helped me so very much. People were awfully, awfully good to me.

And then another thing, Charles bought me this copy of The Prophet, do you remember The Prophet?

Allen: No, Kahlil Gibran.

Elsie: Oh, this is the one I want and (?)

Allen: Now, what is this about?

Elsie: Well, on the back, it tells you a little bit about it. Well, it was unusual poetry that appealed to Charles. And I go back to this, I'll tell you this. I'm a good friend of Miss Edith Woodward who lives in this area. She was librarian in Burroughs for many years, and she reviewed this Violent Universe at one of my book clubs. I think she reviewed it at church at my circle, and she said you can't read that without having two or three dictionaries on one side of you and what's this Thorassiss?

Allen: Thesaurus.

Elsie: On the other side of you, but she said he ranks with the poets and in closing she said, and now we have one of our own. It was very, very appealing, and I've been awfully unfair to Edith cause she is so, forgive me, stingy with herself but she won't part with a penny or two. She won't light her oven to bake a potato, you light the oven for that? This is the kind she was but at the same time she was very generous and she was very good to me, and I appreciated this when she wrote it too, and of course you see I have this (?)

Allen: Now this is a biography by L. Sprague DeCamp.

Elsie: What is his, witchcraft, I guess.

Allen: He was a horror fantasy writer of Providence.

Elsie: But I bought these because it shows a little bit more about Charles than I could tell, and then of course I had (?)

Allen: Now this is one of Charle's books. And then what do we have here? St Patrick, his Origins and Career.

Elsie: I have something written down here. Sister, and she wrote such a beautiful letter that he would remember. Did you ever hear of the Rosacrustian (?) order.

Allen: Yes.,

Elsie: Well, he had a lot to do with that too.

Allen: I notice a book here on ESP as well. An ESP reader. Charles was interested in that?

Elsie: Very much so.

Allen: And then we have a book here on Science and Everyday Things.

Elsie: Well, that's more modern. He found that interesting because there were things, he found the Ice Capades and Aviation and all kinds of things that, radio, engineering. He found all these things of interest to him, and this man here taught evenings in the Hillyer Junior College in Hartford and that finally became part of that set up of university colleges.

Allen: She is referring to William C. Vergara. O.K. what else do we have here? Now these are love poems that he wrote to you.

Elsie: Yes he did. This he wrote in 1932, it's called Twilight and he said written to Elsie.

Somewhere the moving throbbing of the sea,
Somewhere the breezes blown in the Poplar trees,
Somewhere the silver whisper of guitars,
it is a time of moss and flickering stars,
where are the petals of the rose?
somewhere the petals fall apart
and your small white hands
are plucking at the ladders of my heart.

Now who could say anything nicer than that? And this he wrote to

My Sweetheart on Her Birthday.

You know that there are many times I fail to do or say,
The thoughtful little things to show you every day,
How very dear you are to me,
but I would never miss the chance to say
I love you on a special day like this.

Now here's another one. To Elsie from Charles on Her Birthday.

Just saying Happy Birthday
and I would hope that you would know,
How very much I mean it dear,
because I love you so,
Just saying Happy Birthday but it's meant to tell you too,
I found the greatest happiness in sharing life with you.

And also, just to show you that he wasn't the only poet in our family, this is some poetry that my twin wrote. It's called Conviction.

I cannot tell you who God is, or where he is, or why,
I only know that man at his best, has never made a sky.
I can't explain the Bethlehem Star or Christ on Calvary,
I only know my thoughts of him make God more real to me.
I can't explain why faith in God each day gives me new jest,
I only know when faith is weak, I'm never at my best.
I cannot tell you why hope prevails and energizes life's quest,
I only know that when hope fades, my soul is not at rest.
I cannot tell you what love is or how it comes or why,
I only know where true love lives, all selfishness will die.
I can't explain just what it is or why it had to be,
but if I do my best, some beauty dies,
and if I do less than my best, some beauty dies in me.
I cannot tell you just what prayer is nor why it wields such
power, yet quiet communion brings praise and poise and strength
to you each hour.
I cannot explain the peace of God so silently it is given,
I only know that when it comes, then life will start its heaven.

Allen: And that was written by your sister.

Elsie: My twin.

Allen: And her name is Alice M. Harrison. O.K. what else do we have here?

Elsie: I'm active in Eastern Star because Charles was a Mason. There are the notes I got about Charles. When he taught English he had a Barbara Barlow in his class, and Barbara Barlow, when she was a senior, her mother died, and she never was the same. She was a very, very good student but she just fell apart. So Charles helped, she came out here, and we had supper together.

Charles said, "you can't act like this, Barbara", and he talked to her, and put his arm around her and told her that life was good in the future too, and she had to have faith enough, she just had to have faith, that was all. So she (?) and another thing, did I tell you about the time we were having supper here? Well, I love to cook, I'm kind of a show off there, and we were having supper in our dining room and at the table, and there were a couple of professors here and two members of the clergy, and students that were interested in religion (?) and Charles was sitting at the end of the table and somebody said, "will you ask the blessing, Mr. Jacobs" and Charles said, "No, Elsie will, the Lord is more familiar with her voice". Isn't that crazy?

And once in a while, we'd listen to Dr. Schuller whom Charles (?) because Charles never forgave Dr. Robert Schuller because of a big congregation on the radio, because he preached from what he called the Crystal Cathedral and the whole building was made of glass and it cost him \$22,000. to have the windows washed. Charles could have really sold, he (?) sold to Humorama, and we got a little money on this, but it cost us. Pageant Press, you know what we paid to publish, \$2,200. Oh it cost an awful lot. Well, Bill, like I said before and I mean it, whenever Charles, alright, so nobody's going to read that, but if they do, then they know he's from UB, but that's a help, you know. Then sometime you must go to the Burroughs Library, in Bridgeport, in the forgotten which room,

Allen: The Archives Room.

Elsie: You've seen his exhibit there?

Allen: I haven't seen his exhibit but I know that they have some of his works.

Elsie: What was that man's name?

Allen: Palmquist.

Elsie: He was awfully good to me. I gave away 100 of Charles's books and I've got some in the basement that shouldn't even be there because I have no place to put them. I kept pulling more books out all the time and then one time Charles was very friendly with a Baptist minister in the city and gave him several books, he let him pick them out, to use for a sermon sometime, and also Charles belonged in Boston to a group of Theologians that went out on a gospel team, They would go to different places and preach to the congregation, and what was I going to tell you there?

Also when Charles was in theological seminary cause I had met him before that, but I got better acquainted with him there, and we went to (?) they used to put on Sunday night suppers and that's

when you met a lot of students that were in Harvard, MIT and several places they'd be going there, and so Charles was not very sociable by nature but he's greatly misunderstood. He was really misunderstood because he was way, way ahead of them, that's probably it, and then he had one special friend in Boston that he liked because he was interested in the stars, and he was interested in family history, so they used to go together and one time they I suppose in spirit, I don't see how else they could go, they went into the heavens and saw the stars that were so bright they hung down and almost touched you, and that was a wonderful experience for Charles. And then also there he met a girl, I can't think of how he met her, maybe she was also a (?) I don't know, but anyway he happened to use the expression that Oh I know, he was teaching Beowulf, that's a very difficult poem to understand and he came home and came running upstairs one day and he said, oh, sweetheart, they're not getting it at all and they, I can't reach them, they don't know anything about Beowulf, but one girl put her hand up", and he thought, oh, here comes an answer, she knows an answer and so he thought he would make it a little more interesting and he said, "you know my wife didn't like Beowulf when she was studying him either", and the girl in the front row said, "my God, he's married". This is what he used to bring to me. "My God, he's married", she should be so lucky. I'm getting to the nonsense which I didn't mean to do.

Allen: Now do you have other things over there?

Elsie: I was going to tell you that I have a man up here at the bank that is a friend of mine and really, it was only through friendship because I know banks don't give out advice, but he has arranged the will that I can live on and so I appreciated that cause it's awful. Tell people, tell everybody you know, Bill, that both the wife and husband should know the finances, because it was awfully hard for me. And I went on this side of the street up to the Connecticut National because I wanted it to be handy and I didn't want to cross the street. It was murder to cross the street and it was about, let me see, three months after Charles died. I was hit by a car and this knee will never be straight again. I've had three operations and (?) I'm never going to do it, but this he was going through a red light and I had witnesses too, and this man in Texaco, he found that I had witnesses and he spoke up for me, and so between all the things that my accident and the fact that I was able to get help, I have a comfortable income to live on. It's about \$700./month (?)

Allen: Plus Social Security.

Elsie: Oh, this is another thing that I was advised to do. I was advised by Social Security people. I called them on the telephone. Charles's social security was \$615. and mine was \$239. so I took his. That was alright, I could take it so that made my social security that comes every month a little better.

And if you listen to television, you wouldn't know what to do, would you, Bill. They're telling you all the time, keep things in good order. Such a terrible thing about that. Then I have some pictures in those two books there.

Elsie: I was wishing at the time of the article came out in the paper that I had a decent picture but I didn't. He used to love to dress up in costumes. You wouldn't believe.

Allen: Really, any particular?

Elsie: This is what I want to show you, this was falling apart, so I had to (?), years ago you didn't have good photography, but he was always interested in the unusual. One time he was at the University of Bridgeport, he dressed up like a matador or something with a -

Allen: Cape.

Elsie: Yes and he got first prize. I'll tell you who knows about that, they couldn't believe it was him. They could not believe it was him, I can't think of his name. (?) Maybe it's in here. Charles was very much interested in foreign students at the university, so he belonged to the Shastri Committee and that was that man on that committee who was so good to Charles. Charles used to talk about Selma Rooney as an Irish girl (Jewish girl with an Irish name) how about that? The best one of all was one of those members of library staff at the university and she, people thought of her as a witch and Charles said no, (?) I'm telling you, this was some guy I lived with.

Allen: What do we have here?

Elsie: Oh, yes. which one was I going to show you first of all. I want to show you that one on the wall that told all about, I wasn't going to take that big one down, well you can look at these anyway, look at that one.

Allen: Well, these are genealogies descended from Charlemagne to Charles Jacobs.

Elsie: I was going to take that one down off the wall but it is some job to get down, maybe I'll get the other one.

Allen: I'm going to turn this up, so speak a bit loudly and I'll tell you what, we'll just not take -.
(Some indistinct words)

Allen: This is a scroll. This is to all in singular (doesn't make any sense)
whereas Charles, Juan, Stephen, Richard Jacobs, of Waldemere Avenue in the town of Bridgeport

Elsie: That's when we lived down there by the university.

Allen: An Associate Professor of English at the University of Bridgeport

Elsie: He became full prof, you know this is the thing I could never understand but I suppose they had their reasons. When I think of the people who got full professorships there and Charles never got one, that was terrible. Another thing, remind me, say Dr. Ropp to me after you get through there.

Allen: Know ye, therefore, that we the said garter (?) do assign unto the said Charles Juan Stephen Richard Jacobs, the honorary arms following, that is to say and this is a coat of arms, oh essentially what this is the assignment of coat of arms by the marshall in England.

Elsie: He was very proud of that.

Allen: That is very handsome.

Elsie: And I suppose you see this all the time, what horrible pictures they had.

Allen: What was this?

Elsie: You know

(end of side one)
Tape side two.

Allen: o.k.

Elsie: And here are a couple of poems, these are not his but they are ones he would hand me to read because they meant something to him. Here's one that he picked up around Easter Time. It says,

Help us to find a cross somewhere, when it is Easter Day,
Where we may nail the foolish fears that we should throw away.
Teach us, dear God, that bright, green skies will always come
with Spring,
there will be the sunlight, our own (?) keep us remembering.
May we forget the petty trials, the dreams gone, deep hurts, deep
loss
and turn to where the lilies find, to hid a bleeding cross.
For hope is born when lilacs bloom, rain, sweet and early Spring,
And faith that found an empty tomb can conquer anything.

Now he used to give this to people when they died and so it is good for me to read that. And we often talk about time, you

know, we never have enough time or we have too much time to sit around and make fools of ourselves though we have so much to do and never get it done. Time is too slow for those who wait, too swift for those who fear, too long for those who grieve, too short for those who rejoice but for those who love time is eternity. How about this guy, huh?

Allen: He was a very, very interesting individual and my big regret is that we can't find his "Little Willies".

Elsie: I don't think he ever wrote them down. I've looked everywhere and I don't think I ever wrote them down. That's what you came for, Little Willies.

Allen: Now Palmquist did tell me that he had some of Charles' poetry down in the library and I will be working down there on other things and will check this out. Maybe some of those will be there.

Elsie: He was awfully good to me. He came here and picked out books that he thought, a good variety of books that he thought would be good, cause Charles was special, and you know, let me tell you somebody else that was very good to Charles. He was at the Council of Churches for a while, and his wife was librarian, now whom am I speaking about? They are there every Sunday, they sit right ahead of me. Roger Floyd. And his wife had been in the library. She used to remember a lot of nice things about Charles.

Allen: Why did Charles stay at UB so long?

Elsie: In those days you could teach till your 70's if you wanted to.

Allen: Did he think of moving on to some other place?

Elsie: Not particularly. Well two or three reasons I might say I guess. We wanted to come back to New England. In Denver, the altitude was too high for me, I was crying all the time. It was a terrible, terrible thing. If I come home and the curtain would be not in place, or there'd be something on the floor, I would cry. The altitude affected me and with Charles it just kept him right up so.

Did I tell you about the grocery man out there? This is funny. We lived, we looked right into Mt. Evans from our living room window. We could see the Rockies all around us, and you haven't seen mountains until you've seen the Rockies. Well down at the end of the street was a Mr. Deaconknife(?). He was our grocery man and we went down one day to get something, and he said, maybe I was praising Charles, I said he was made of awfully good stuff and Mr. Deaconmeier(?), said well how come he's so tall, so big

and you're so small. If he's made of such good stuff, it doesn't speak very well of you, and Charles spoke up and he said, "no, but they made two of her". And of course we are very much alike. We talk alike and we both are putting on weight, and we both make fools of ourselves and we both have good traits too. I always thought it was a wonderful thing. My mother married my father who had five children, and my aunt, my mother's younger sister used to say to we girls, "I can't understand Aunt Claire". My mother's name was Claire, "that she should be interested in Henry", Henry Harrison, "because he had all these children" and my mother said, "well there was no problem there, because I loved your father and I love children". That's the kind of girl she was.

Allen: Well thank you very, very much for this, Elsie. You have given me some additional information on Charles that will help me when I am writing about the faculty and the history.

Elsie: I was very glad to do this.

End of second side of tape.